

THE
 MASSACHUSETTS
 Literary
 MAGAZINE



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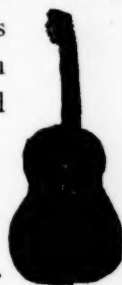


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THE

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MAGAZINE

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1900

The Nassau Literary Magazine.

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THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published on the 25th day of each month from October to June inclusive, by the Senior Class of Princeton University. Its aim is to provide the proper outlet for the literary efforts of the undergraduates and thus to encourage the full, symmetrical development of the student body in Belles-Lettres.

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ALLEGRO NON TROPPO.

[ON MOZART'S QUARTET IN B FLAT MAJOR.]

There is music and laughter in Roderick Hall :
Glitter and laces and perfume, and all
Merged in a triumph of riotous glee
For the foes that are slain, and the living that flee.

Oh, the women are wanton and willful and wild,
And the gallants are glad in their glory defiled ;
For the rebels are routed who dared to defy
The right of their ruler to doom them to die !

So on with the revel ! all knighthood and grace,
All magic of body and beauty of face
Of court or of castle are there in the swirl—
Save only one maiden, a lily-pale girl.

But one of a thousand ! who troubles to seek
A virgin so chary, so timid, so meek ?
Afar from the tumult she kneels in her bower,—
But her lover and rebel-lord waits by the tower !

" Oh Jesu Christ ! Mary ! give strength to me " — Hark !
His signal comes whispering out of the dark !
Noiseless, unnoticed she steals down the stair,
Swings open the wicket—her lover is there !

A form in the shadow—a whisper—a cry —
The clatter of weapons—a sob—and a sigh !
Then silence, as swifter than Terror at play
He speeds to their steeds—away and away !

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Behind them is glitter of weapons and light,
 Ahead is the merciful shade of the night ;
 But always that galloping, galloping beat,
 Nearer and clearer and ever more fleet !

With hand on her bridle he keeps by her side :
 " Ride for my life ! if you love me, *ride !* "
 And on like shades of the driving wind
 They flee, while Death spurs on behind.

A burst of curses and shouts of hate !
 The moon has risen ; and God and Fate
 Have veiled their faces. A flash—a groan—
 And the maiden rides through the night alone.

Loosen the arbalest ! Sheathe the sword !
 Laugh and jest at yon rebel lord !
 Lift up the maiden ! Taut girth ! and then back
 Merrily over the moon-lighted track !

Jingle of harness, and curses and laughter !
 Turbulent echoes rollicking after !
 But still and white in that ribald din
 The maiden rides to those halls of sin.

* * * * *

Hour by hour in her silent cell
 She crouches motionless where she fell ;
 A shape of horror with eyes of flame,
 A shrouded figure of fearless shame.

And ever the music and mirth of the ball
 Sweep up from the glare of that dissolute hall ;
 For what does it matter if one heart more
 Breaks, where a thousand have broken before ?

Nay !—On with the laughter and music and loving !
 On with the revel, all raptures approving !
 On, in a passionate whirl of delight,
 For Pleasure is lord of the world—to-night !

—*Ralph S. Thompson.*

THE VALUE OF INTIMATE CORRESPONDENCE

What pleasure a really good correspondence gives! Probably in many minds these words will first recall the click of a letter-slot, the thrill of a letter received, the eager opening of a familiar envelope. But they are not few whose mental image will be quite different, and, let us say it, less selfish.

As it is more blessed to give than to receive, so there is a satisfaction in the writing hardly to be equalled by the delight of receiving the most brilliant and entertaining, or the most personal and interesting of your correspondent's productions.

The first and greatest joy of letter-writing is that it enables one to communicate one's thoughts to a friend. By letters, being absent, friends yet hold converse. The personal element vitalizes the mechanical process; I think of the recipient and speak as it were to him, forgetting the labor; I may even speak better than in the actual presence of my friend; I may take as much time as I please to formulate my thought, and in a letter I may utter in fitting language grand thoughts which, being spoken, would fall upon the ear with most ridiculous effect.

Perhaps into this pleasure there enters an element of vanity or of selfishness, the selfishness of the man or woman who usurps the conversation, the vanity of the child that insists on being noticed. But wherein does this selfishness or this vanity differ from the selfishness and vanity that make the world go 'round, that bid the orator speak, and the painter paint, and the athlete try for a record? "Ambition is only vanity ennobled," says Jerome K. Jerome, and the wish to please our friends, even the wish to deceive them in some measure with regard to ourselves, to show them in our letters an ideal self, is natural and laudable. This very act of impersonating my ideal in my letter to

my friend brings clearly before me that ideal and tends to raise me toward it. As for the deception, it does not deceive; my friend has learned to know me through other channels than my letters, and will most unconsciously discount my fine principles and phrases till they fit my character, or at least my friend's conception of it. Moreover it does one good to think highly of another. Let my friend be deceived in me, if he will; so that I do not deceive myself. Hero worship is one of the great regenerating forces of our nature; and a mutual admiration society, provided the admiration be sincere on both sides, can at least do no harm to those who form it.

But it is not vanity alone that lends to letter-writing its peculiar charm. The true letter-writer is like the true poet, the true artist, the true creative mind in every sphere, what he does he does largely for its own sake. As many as are the relationships, and shades of relationships, of one human being with another, so many are the types, and the gradations of types, of letters. It is the artist's joy to catch a delicate touch of expression on his model's face and fix it clearly on the canvas; the poet has his thoughts, too spreading or too subtle for plain prose; the letter-writer finds an artist's pleasure in weaving into the fabric of his letter the sense of his relation to his correspondent, in making it felt as he feels it or as he wishes it to be. Perfunctory correspondence must always be his greatest torment. He hates the formal note, the letter that he is "expected to write," as the poet hates the "made to order" poem.

A good letter is as rare as a good poem. A good letter is a prose lyric; it is a lyric in the essential quality of intimate expression of thought and feeling. Only such productions as give considerable play to this intimate personal expression, especially the epistles of close friends, are worthy of being called letters. Only such are of any per-

manent interest. Only such are printed in the "Lives and Letters," of which the reading public has become so fond.

Glance through the published letters of Robert Louis Stevenson: the most business-like, the most formal, tell us something of the man, they outline or illuminate some side of his character, develop perhaps some idea, some aspiration which filled the mind. And more than this, let the subject matter be what it may, let it deal with the climate, the invalid's state of health, the doctor's instructions, let it consist of plain narration, of mere "enumeration" of facts, still by a kind of magic touch the writer conveys in each letter a sense of his relationship to the addressed; you know the exact footing of intimacy on which they stand.

In Browning's correspondence with his wife these general facts remain. But we cannot note so well the many varied shades of intimacy; their relationship was constant, ever growing perhaps in depth and richness and power, but still the same—the bond of an almost perfect love. It were out of place to discuss here the question of the propriety of publishing such an intimate correspondence as the one just mentioned. There are those who, with no small show of right, urge that a man has thoughts too sacred for the world at large to share, even after he is gone; and those who thus lay bare the Holy of Holies of the human heart have been called by the harsh-sounding name of "literary ghouls."

But whatever the right of the question, it is certain that volumes of this sort meet a strong demand. The public surely find in them something besides food for an inquisitiveness fostered by modern journalism. There is a lasting literary beauty in these great letters of great men that satisfies a craving for intimate personal expression not otherwise adequately satisfied. In this field more than in any other is it true of a writer that his charm must lie

in saying just what everyone would have said, and just as everyone would like to have said it. Can we not argue then from the popularity of these printed letters, that letter-writing as an art, having long declined, being, as some would have us believe, totally lost since the days of stage-coach and packet-boat, is now about to revive? May we not at least hope that the eagerness of the public, especially in this country, to read these epistolary masterpieces is the eagerness of the art-student to study the works of the Great Masters?

This would indeed be a hopeful sign. What exercise is there more formative of style than ordinary letter-writing? As one writes his letters, carelessly or carefully, laboriously or easily, he will tend to write whatever else he shall produce; and tricks of style, habits of expression, are very hard to change. This is not all. It is a truth well recognized that thought cannot far precede expression, or rather that expression follows as closely as it can upon the heels of thought. Also, that no one can give a full development to ideals which he holds alone. Even authors whose work has met with most abounding sympathy, attain to greater power when they find themselves surrounded by close friends with like aims and aspirations. We all need sympathy; it is as necessary to our life, but especially to our intellectual life, as bread to our bodies. To these two wants of a man's higher nature an intimate correspondence amply ministers, to the want of expression and the want of sympathy, necessary to the noblest mental and moral development.

Let the art of good letter-writing become ours again, and we shall not long lack great thinkers and great writers.

—A. H. Adams.

FATHER WALTER AND HIS MAGDALEN.

Nature and circumstances had conspired for his destruction, but if life rendered him miserable by misfortunes it nevertheless sweetened and prepared his character for God's love.

Youthful ardor had carried Father Walter through his literary and theological studies, but the Devil tied his tongue in the pulpit and rendered him absolutely incapable of expressing the heavenly thoughts and celestial emotions of which his soul was full. Heaven only knows the inside history of the affair, for there were many and intricate complications. In the first place his ideas of the Gospel-life did not coincide with those of the Bishop of the diocese, and he had a peculiar way of living it literally, of giving his own and of the Church's treasure to the poor, and telling homely truths to his flock in a manner painfully direct.

Perhaps St. Michael's was an unfortunate parish, for the last priest had been dismissed and afterwards defrocked, the people had become accustomed to a low standard, and to bring them back to the proper state of sanctification required not only the grace of God but the wisdom of the serpent. And of the latter Father Walter possessed the minimum. The congregation grew lax, parishioners even endured the prospective pains of purgatory or rode ten miles to A—— every Sunday rather than attend mass at St. Michael's. And none but the truly pious came to confession oftener than the law required. Poor Father Walter was grieved beyond expression by the manifest hostility that he encountered, but he had no intention of giving up his curacy or yielding to what he felt to be injustice. Who has not seen a struggling church, out of sympathy with its pastor, stagnating as it were in the religious waters which should be living and vivifying? And what pathos there is in it.

But the affair of Father Walter and his Magdalen capped the climax, put an end to the inactivity, and furnished St. Michael's with the catastrophe.

On one of those warm, sweet nights in early June, when evening has cast a misty twilight and poetic glamor over things, and the ocean laps the shore with long lazy swells; when earth and sea and sky are hushed in sunset quiet, Father Walter laid down his little dog-eared, be-thumbed Greek Testament with a sigh, left it lying carelessly on the rose-strewn garden-walk and wandered out into the dusty road, where the stars peeped at him through the thick green of the trees. Now and then a pleasant breeze from the sea would fan his cheek or cool his brow,—and yet withal there filled him a melancholy, a gentle nostalgia for those Golden Isles that one knows must exist somewhere down those mystic, watery pathways, which we sigh for only to see fading, fleeting in the distance. After all, thought the good priest, had it paid? One, two, three, four—he exhausted the fingers of both hands before he tolled off the dead years of his life spent in this out-of-the-world parish. Good God! Could it be possible? Twelve—twelve years in saying mass, hearing confessions, preaching sermons that nobody listened to, reading the Gospels and Virgil—and struggling against the inevitable. Was this the outcome, this the end, all he had to hope for, from the dreams, the ideals, the enthusiasms of boyhood and the seminary? He clasped the rosary from which the crucifix hung, and made the round of “Pater nosters” and “Aves,” as though to repress desires indelicate or dreams beyond the thought of hope.

Then just as he was turning a bend in the road beyond the Rectory garden, Fate, in a comic freak, pushed him into the arms of a breathless Irish girl. Somebody's cook's baby was taken with extremities and would he follow her as fast as he may, lest, since it had not been baptized,

Satan get that which was not his own. The priest pressed on with his frightened companion and was not a little surprised when she turned into the grounds of the Rose Cottage, a dear bower of a house, given over, alas, to a woman of pleasure. All was quiet now, however, shrouded in dusky twilight, and the villiage curé followed the maid straight through the dark hall into the servants' quarters, where he found the infant wrestling with the colic, but really in no present danger of purgatory. To satisfy the mother he performed the office, gently chid her for not having presented the child before, and then started to retire by the way he had come.

In the front hall, however, a pretty woman placed a white hand on his black cassock, delaying him. "Now, Father, that you have satisfied that little prejudice, won't you stop a moment and talk to me?"

As she spoke she turned into one of the sitting-rooms and lit the candles. It was the first time that Father Walter had seen Annette very closely, and, notwithstanding the scandal of it, a happy little sigh slipped out of his mouth and a queer little feeling of content and delight into his heart. For certainly Annette was beautiful, and the soft candle-light shining over the sheen of her white summer's dress, and over her smooth brown arms and neck, and putting new fire into her great dark eyes, was a very pretty sight for any man in a cassock or out of it. The curé began to wonder vaguely what she was going to say. For a moment she stood silently by the oaken table, then pushing towards him a little embossed cigarette-box, and selecting one of the delicate little paper things herself, she began in patois, "Padre mio, do you smoke?"

Father Walter felt strangely at home as though all his life he had been used to gay little ladies of tarnished reputation smoking cigarettes. He dived down deep into the pocket of his great black cassock and pulled out at length

a high-colored meerschaum. "If it's quite the same to you, I'll use this."

Annette smiled prettily and blew the smoke up towards the ceiling in graceful, dainty rings and clouds of blue and gray. Presently she began to talk to him quite simply and without any of the affectation of a worldling and interested the simple curé deeply in her charming little stories. Suddenly, when they were more at their ease, and the smoke was coming in short regular puffs from the meerschaum, and the little cigarette of caporal was a heap of ashes in the golden platter, she exclaimed, "Unfortunately, Father, I shall have nothing to confess to you; that is one of the penalties of the life I have led—publicity. To be a child of joy is, it seems, to lose the kingdom of heaven."

The curé puffed a little soberly and slowly. "My dear child," he said, "and have you found it even interesting?"

He spoke so simply, so naturally, that the distaste and hatefulness of it rose to her mind at once, a few thoughts too of what goodness and virtue and peace might mean, and intuitive vision of other joys. She arose and coming over, knelt down by Father Walter's side, "Truly enough, my father, it has often wearied me, perplexed me, and so it has to-night."

He took her hands in his with the quiet tenderness of sympathy. "Perhaps, my child, you would like a friend who could understand?" For several moments they remained thus, then Annette with a glad, sad, half-startled smile looked up at him through the tears that were slowly welling in the great, soft eyes.

"And you, my father, are not afraid?"

He looked for a moment at the lovely form almost in his arms, at the soft, sweet, pulsing feminine beauty and loveliness, he thought of St. Anthony, and then raising the Crucifix to his lips, kissed it, saying, "My dear, I gave my heart a long time ago."

The next day Father Walter sat on his favorite bench in the rose garden his gray head, in which his big, gray eyes shone like twin twilight stars, bent over the well-worn Greek of the VIIIth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John.

A shadow fell upon the page and Annette, radiant and lovely as the day, was smiling down upon him from under the fluttering, frivolous laces of her white parasol. He made room for her on the bench, and tied back a thorny moss-rose branch that intruded.

"I know your troubles too," she said, with a bright smile, "you do not get along in the parish as you would wish?"

"It is the will of God," said Father Walter pensively, as he closed the holy book.

"No, no, I believe with you in the Devil and that he takes a hand now and then in our affairs," the Magdalen rejoined, "only unfortunately, you have never learned to preach."

"No," sighed the priest, "heaven knows I have tried, and perhaps, our Lord ——"

"And I cannot preach for you."

"O dear no!" gasped he.

"But," she went brightly on, paying no attention to his remark, "I can sing, padre mio. See! Do you know music?"

And snapping the band of a roll which she had been carrying, several scores fell out, on which he saw graven in big, black letters, the magic names Mozart, Gounod, Baptiste.

"Ah," holding up a *Communion in G*, "this is exquisite. Do you know it?" And in a soft, sweet voice she hummed a few bars of that heavenly melody, set to those beautiful words of the Gospel.

Father Walter looked dazed as he turned over the

scores one by one. "With an orchestra, a few good voices and me for the leader we shall sing a fine mass on Pentecost and astonish the natives. You will agree with me St. Michael's needs stirring up; ancient plainsong for twelve years with two voices in the choir would exasperate St. Peter himself."

"Ah, my child," sighed the curé, "if it were only possible."

"Possible!" Annette exclaimed, "Ah, I see you do not believe in me; but come, have you a piano?"

He led the way into the Rectory, and silently pointed to an ancient grand that stood in a corner of the parlor, over whose keys had wandered none but the graceful, pious hands of saint-like nuns. Tossing aside her great, white feathery hat, she opened the dusty key-board, and dashed off a few sparkling runs, pausing only to burst into that touching little song of Theodore Storm's that Schubert has set to music in such a charming manner, "*Heute, neu heute*," and which ends with this despairing refrain,

"Soon must I perish.
Sad and alone."

Her clear strong voice, vibrating and penetrating with its stinging sweetness, thrilled the good priest through and through. Speechless he sat there, his eyes fixed on infinity and his heart throbbing within him. "Truly enough," he thought as she finished, "it has been for her sad and alone and so it will be for me,—sad—sad, and alone."

And then Annette was looking over towards him with her bright smile.

"Do I suit you? And may I sing the mass on Pentecost?"

Heaven absolve him, Father Walter forgot all about her sins, her notorious life in the Rose Cottage, and clasping both her hands in his he said very simply, "I am sure that God created you to sing the mass." That embarrassed

her a little and she turned away to hide a blush. Then she sang him extracts from Baptiste and the XIIth Mass., and the *O Salaturius Hostia* of Palestrina and made him happy, delighted, contented, carried him away on the passionate tide of the heavenly music, carried him to Paradise, and forgot herself too, and her sins, in singing about the Saviour.

In a few days she had constructed a choir of local voices, had a dozen or more of the Baptiste scores sent down from the city, and every day now St. Michael's rang with what was gradually evolving into the graceful melody of the *Communion in G*. Annette played, instructed the choir of local voices, sang the *soprani soli* herself, while Father Walter, fearful yet happy, sat in a corner of the organ loft with his big, sad, gray eyes fixed on her sparkling face. Now and then at her request he would intone something from the Missal, while she corrected with the Baptiste score.

On Sunday the Rector told his miserable little congregation the feast he was preparing for them on Pentecost, admonished them of the duty of attending mass, and informed them that they were indebted for all this new activity and enterprise to one who, although not of his flock, challenged their thanks and obligations. Then he mentioned Annette's name. As bees buzz on a summer's day, when some one disturbs their hive, so now a humming and fluttering went through the congregation. After the Benediction had been said, and they had poured out into the churchyard, it had become a deep growl of dissatisfaction and objection. A few of the more courageous spirits voiced in plain terms the insult they all felt, and openly suggested that a radical change must be made e'er their offended dignity could be appeased. One heard mingled in their talk snatches about God, and the Blessed Virgin, the Bishop, Father Walter, and the Scarlet Woman.

However it took form a day or two later in the shape of a letter from the Bishop of the diocese, demanding an explanation of the projected Pentecostal services, intimating that his Grace had received the impression that they were scarcely in keeping with the dignity of the Catholic Church. Unfortunately the Rector of St. Michael's took no notice of this letter, but preached the next Sunday on purity of heart and returning good for evil. On Monday came a second letter from the Bishop, saying that unless a satisfactory explanation of his relations with the young woman whom he had placed as organist in his church could be given, he would be presented for trial before an ecclesiastical court.

All this grieved Father Walter beyond expression. For twelve years he had given his energies, ineffectual though they were, to the parish of St. Michael's. Here was the church, his part of the church, at least, and in it his heart. He could not grieve Annette by repeating the accusations, and yet, on the other hand, something must be done, but what? Although he had been too sensible to talk much with her about religion, he felt that her heart had been touched by the faith he held so dear. To tell her of the suspicions, would be to end the happy influences he believed he was beginning to possess over her; but Heaven alone knew what perseverance in the face of the Bishop and congregation might mean. He sat that evening until dusk on the bench in the Rectory rose-garden reading the life of Jesus in the Greek Testament, and all night he prayed to Him, who had forgiven the woman who loved so much, and prayed to Her, who of all God's children needed not forgiveness.

The vigil of the feast day brought a committee of his parishioners with the statement that the Bishop had deputized a mission priest to come to St. Michael's for the late mass on Sunday, and that Father Walter's presence would

be unnecessary. They also intimated that the said priest would bring other and more positive episcopal instructions. The good man groaned in spirit, but said nothing in reply. When they left he sat down at the piano and tried to execute the melody from Palestrina's vesper hymn, but his fingers were old and stiff, and there was a queer, sharp little pain in his heart; so it was not much of a success.

The morrow of Pentecost dawned bright and clear; it was one of those pale, luminous morns, when the sunlight is like unto sheen, and etherealizes and transforms as well as unveils the world from the gloom of night. Long shadows lay athwart the lawn, the elm trees rustled in the lazy breeze, and the wheat field swayed its green surface, trembling down to the very shore of the sparkling sea. A quiet, peaceful Sunday morn, redolent of the odors of roses and clematis and wild thyme.

Father Walter rose shortly after sunrise, and when he had dressed and prayed, he stood for a long time at the open casement of his window, the one that looked out upon the wheat-fields and the sea. Just beyond the Rectory gardens, separated by a boxwood hedge, lay the grounds of the Rose Cottage, and he saw Annette out there already, gathering armfuls of lilies, her white dress fluttering in the morning breeze. As for himself, he seemed to be floating down a stream, bound for what shores he knew not a creature of infinity, helpless, almost apathetic; everything seemed inevitable, long since prepared for. Fate had arranged his chagrin and defeat with deliberateness and exactitude. Nevertheless it would be hard to say mass for the last time, to bid good-bye to the few familiar faces, to the rose-garden and the walk, and the broad expanse of sea,—he could take nothing with him but his Greek Testament, his Virgil, and the scores of Baptiste and Palestrina that he could no longer play. As for the future, he could scarcely picture

that at all,—public censure, disgrace, degradation,—it would all come he supposed, for he was too simple and too proud to know how to ward it off. And so more than ever it would still be “sad and alone.” Oppression and doubt began to fill his heart, a spasm of fear crossed his mind. Sweet Jesus! would they not relent at last?—bah, it was a bad dream. He rubbed his eyes, grasped the window ledge so tight that he crushed the flesh of his fingers,—but no, there was Annette waving a *cala lily* in her hand, bidding him good morning.

Father Walter turned to his little *prie-dieu*, and kneeling there read St. John the Divine’s account of the Crucifixion, which is infinitely comforting when one encounters a culmination of despair.

That finished and the Rosary said, he gathered up his scores and joined Annette as she was passing on the way to early mass. She noticed how white and wan he was.

“Courage, Father, today has written success and triumph all over the sky.”

“Ah,” sighed the curé, “the Crucifixion was a triumph, I have just been reading about it.”

Arrived at the Church, Annette mounted the organ-loft and arranged her music. Father Walter went into the sacristy and donned his vestments, praying softly all the while as though this were the last mass. Seven o’clock came presently, but neither congregation nor choir. Annette in a little rage, nevertheless began the prelude and filled the Church with ringing melody. Her naturally good voice had been adequately trained and now rang out from the organ-loft sweet and clear and true, phrasing the words of the service like an angel.

Then Father Walter entered from the sacristy, vested in the scarlet of Pentecost. Without glancing towards the Church, his eyes fixed on the exposed Host, his throbbing heart full of a strange exultation and emotion, his lips

moving, but scarcely forming the words of his prayers, he knelt there before the Monstrance and adored. And then, alas, the good man rose up,—the first words of the mass were hardly on his lips, when he observed the empty church.

This was the crowning indignity. It was all true, then, the rancor, the lack of sympathy, the slanderous tongues,—it was adieu to the parish, the Rectory,—it was to go forth to persecution and a trial,—it was to drag his name in the dust with that of his Magdalen. No, no he was too old, too ill; he had borne and suffered too much; life had nothing more to offer but the Cross and the Crown. As for her, what was to become of her, of her faith, of her new life, of her travailling ideals?

"*Asperges me, O Domine*" the heavenly voice was singing, as it seemed, from realms above.

"*O Domine*" he murmured, and then there broke a great good heart.

"*Asperges me.*" He stumbled on the sacrium steps, and falling, breathed out upon God's altar the sacrifice of life, while yet above the sweet voice sang and sang.

—*Latta Griswold.*

ST. HILDA'S PRAYER.

A tiny river, winding through green fields and rolling, heather-covered moorland, triumphantly emerges from between two towering chalk-cliffs, which part to let it pass, and finally mingles with the row of white breakers from the gloomy North Sea. Packed along between the shore of the stream and the protecting cliff are a series of tumble-down, gray-stone houses, with red-tiled, lichen-grown roofs. Fishing boats lie at anchor in the harbor made by the two long, stone breakwaters which jut out into the foggy sea. On the cliff back of the town, and reached by a marvelous flight of zig-zag stone steps, stands the venerable parish church, with its square, battlemented Norman tower. Around the church are gathered the dead of centuries, and such of the tombstones as can still be deciphered, bear after the name the simple word, "mariner."

The sullen roar of the sea below seems almost a song of victory, as one listens and notices how thickly lie the graves. Beyond, on the highest point of the cliff, stands against the bleak sky-line the ruins of Whitby Abbey, worn and shattered. Built in the most exposed position, wind and weather and time have not dealt very mercifully with it. Yet the beauty of the old architecture seems only to have been enhanced, not impaired.

The Dreamer, one lazy summer day, climbed the old steps to the top of the cliff and entered the abbey ruins. He stepped through a crumbling arch and seated himself on the moss and grass which covers the floor of the abbey chapel. Lighting his briar-pipe, he fell to dreaming. Through one of the pointed Gothic windows he could see the triple line of breakers hurling themselves upon the beach, as they rolled in from somewhere off in the blue, misty horizon. Above his head, the church was open to

the sky, and he could see a seagull circling round and round, now falling, now rising. From the downs was echoed the bleating of sheep, and as he looked seaward again, a sailboat was beating up the coast. Sitting there, he let his thoughts wander at will. Stories of Caedmon, monk of Whitby, and other tales of ages past, came to him. Among them was the legend of St. Hilda, the abbess, who prayed that Whitby might be freed from the pest of snakes, and whose prayer was so miraculously answered.

Sunk in his reverie, the Dreamer saw the old abbey church restored, and kneeling before the altar in the dim light of the lady chapel, a tall, gaunt, austere woman, clad in her white nun's robes. The only sounds are the subdued moan of the breakers and the tolling bell, calling to vespers. The last rays of the setting sun, as it sinks behind the purple moors, pierce a stained-glass window and light up with mellow colors the motionless figure. On the altar the candles gleam fitfully, and the nave is shrouded in deep gloom. The monks file across the cloisters and into the church, in a slow, stately procession. And still the white figure kneels and prays, while the sunset glow fades from the sky and the altar candles are the only spots of light within the church. The delicate odor of incense is wafted down the nave, together with the whiff of brine from the sea. From the gathering darkness seaward a chilling mist rolls in and envelops everything, so that one cannot even see across the cloisters. As the vesper hymn dies away, St. Hilda's prayer is answered and the miracle wrought.

From every cranny and crevice along the top of the cliff come the serpents, bewildered and confused by the choking fog, but impelled by some unseen power toward the edge. On the brink the leader pauses, makes one last futile attempt at resistance, and plunges down. The others

follow and are crushed on the rocks below. Within the abbey silence reigns. Thus was the prayer of the holy woman answered. The fisherfolk told far and near how their sainted abbess freed them from the serpents.

The Dreamer awoke with a start, to find that the fog had drifted in from the sea and the luncheon hour passed. Knocking the ashes from his pipe, he sauntered slowly back to the little village under the cliff.

—J. R. Crawford.

TO OMAR.

Wise Persian singer, after many years
The echoes of thy voice are heard again,
Telling what thou hast felt, and what the pen
Of many other but less daring seers
Hath written plain; that 'spite of hopes and fears,
Of strivings and desires, the life of men
Is but a cloud raised by the sun and then
By some chill wind dispersed again in tears.

Thou didst seek, Omar, in the cup to drown
The sorrows unasked life for thee had got,—
Aiming to make the best of man's poor lot.
And when thou hadst looked 'round thee, up, and down
In search for Heaven and Hell, and found them not,
Then didst thou live defiant of God's frown.

—J. V. A. MacMurray.

PRINCETON SPIRIT.

Princeton spirit—what is it? We first learn the magic phrase at prep. school. Through Freshman year we live on it, have it hurled at our heads by every grad. who feels the inspiration of the stump or the bottle or—friendship. Yet somehow we never sicken of the sound; we don't know what it is, but we feel that it is a great thing and a holy thing.

Sophomore year rolls round, and we become filled, nay, inflated with it. Under its influence we discover that Princeton never has had and never will have just so glorious a class as the Sophomore class. Under its influence we learn to sink our own individuality in the class, but more—we learn bye and bye to subordinate class interests to those of the college. Yet we never seek to analyze it, and this is peculiar to these two years. Throughout them we just imbibe it from the atmosphere and, yes, too often from the bottle.

Not until Junior year do we try to discover just what the influence is, but by the end of it we are staggered by its complexity and subtlety, defying exact definition. And this is why. Princeton spirit is not a mere whooping, howling college loyalty a little louder and a little more aggressive than that of any other college. It is rather a code of morals and action embracing almost every phase of our life here—how complete one never knows until it becomes part of him.

The best way to define it, perhaps, is to sketch some of its least subtle phases. From her very beginning, Princeton's location has given her many peculiar advantages. Midway between New York and Philadelphia, she has been in the midst of every political crisis and every war excitement. This has made one of the many sides of our spirit—the side that makes the Princeton under-

graduate a soldier and a statesman in embryo, that puts him "at the front" in both fields in after years.

Not only this, but she is situated in a town which can offer no advantages to manufacturing interests. There is no water supply; there are no natural resources. This has made and will always keep the town a mere feeder to the needs of its institutions. Hence, beyond the homes of the professors and the literati, there are no social attractions for the students. This tends to make the campus life of the student as nowhere else—in America, at least. It is this centuries-old campus-life which has given to our college its unique spirit.

To one who is at all observant, the first quality of Princeton spirit that strikes him is its healthful normalcy. We will not tolerate for one moment any affectation, any hypocrisy,—any idiosyncrasy, I was going to say. But we do permit, here and there, high ability to offset eccentricities; and we even learn to love their wearer, if they are of the right sort. Still, as a rule, we demand that a man live more or less closely to our ideals, and it is best so for all concerned, despite that sometimes the method of adaptation is after the manner of Procrustes and his bed, and the effect on the victim is detrimental.

Another phase of our spirit is our hero-worship, and this is one of the best symptoms of our health. Our frank, open, unbounded devotion to and admiration for those fellows who are really capable, is the best indication that we are still childlike at heart; that we are not nearly so blasé as some of us would make believe we are.

And yet it is right here we most often make mistakes. Too often we do not discriminate with sufficient care, and we make campus-gods of men unworthy. Or we find a fellow, not especially brilliant or able or hard-working, but interesting and modest, and we give him one honor, and another, then another, and then—just to see whether he

can stand without having his head turned, as the curious saying is—we give him another. This may hurt the one laden, or it may not; but it is engendering a firm and widespread belief that popularity is the only criterion of a man's intrinsic worth, and in a strong minority of cases this is not so. Many men who have not the qualities necessary to make them popular have others just as sterling (the use of this adjective, mark you, is my concession to the rights of popularity) and just as apt to give them a hearing one day. Then, too, we make the mistake of worshipping too highly mere talent, mere cleverness. Boy-like, we gaze open-mouthed at spectacular display, and forget, even try to forget the mechanism. We make heroes of those we call "sharks," and admire only by stealth the "polers."

This false and rather superficial *modus indicandi* is perhaps a relic of those other days when Princeton men were just happy-go-lucky fellows. But Princeton is now a university, and we students must shoulder responsibilities, whether we will or not. American life is becoming every day a little more strenuous and we must become men just a little earlier than ever, and must learn that really the biggest thing in the world is work—before we complete our college course, if possible. We ought, every man of us, to take for our watch-word that war-cry of the football field "Hard! Princeton!"

That football field—how many of our after Princeton memories will be bound up with it! There it is we see and feel the phase of Princeton spirit most tangible to the outsider. The team always has that thorough-bred, case-hardened, polished grit, that determination to do the very best possible, and gracefully, that is characteristic of Princeton men everywhere, whether it be on the campus catching a baseball or "at the front" in Cuba or the Philippines.

But it is not the team alone in these football struggles,

it is the college back of it that shows the spirit of Princeton most plainly. It manifests itself in song and cheer to utter hoarseness, in making the team feel that we are with it in every play, in making every one else feel that the undergraduates of Princeton are one big family, firm-knit, democratic, strong. And when, once in a while, we are beaten, we put our clenched fists in our pockets and give a lusty cheer for the winning side while we whisper to ourselves, "Next time!" and when we win, well, we are learning not to crow too loudly, learning and practising a spirit of humility and courtesy and brotherly kindness. Yes, our Freshmen year idea of Princeton spirit is right. It is a great thing and a holy thing.

In conclusion, I would point out, if possible, a danger that threatens us. A few years ago Princeton was a college. Now she is a university, and the transition, though gradual, is bringing many changes. The number of interests is daily growing and diversifying. We undergraduates are continually out-growing old customs and traditions and dropping them—sometimes with sorrow and reluctance—as our life broadens. Our numbers are steadily increasing, and this necessitates a splitting up into groups. All this is threatening the simplicity of Princeton life and the best traditions of our beloved Princeton spirit.

The chronic grumblers—and their name is legion—would have us believe that our upper-class club system is an unadulterated evil. We do not believe this; and if, for the sake of argument, we grant that, improperly used, it is an evil, we expect them to concede that it is a necessary evil.

What we do expect of the clubs, however, is that they live up to their duty and privilege of maintaining and moulding, by precept and example, Princeton spirit. For it changes even from one student generation to another, and they must see to it that the boasted old-time democ-

racy of Princeton is untainted; and they must seek to make from a union of the old college ideal of health and happiness and the new university ideal of strenuousness, a Princeton spirit broader and deeper and nobler than ever.

—*Paul Mitchell.*

FIDELITY.

In the garden of Life, by the river of Love,
A Lily and Oak rose side by side,
And one was tender and pure and sweet,
Gracing the grasses that grew at her feet,
And one was strong in its pride.

Now it chanced, in the garden's glad spring-time of youth,
While the thrushes sang and the warm winds blew
That the Storm-King Death thro' the garden passed,
And the Lily withered before his blast,
As she grew by the Oak tree true.

Tis winter now in Life's garden of youth,
To the lonely Oak all joy seems gone,
And its' leaves float down to the ebbing tide
While the cold wind moans through its branches wide;
Yet the river of Love flows on.

—*Malcolm S. Taylor.*

A LONE HAND.

The wind was shrieking in passionate gusts over a dumbly sullen sea. From the swinging heights of the bridge it seemed as if, under the unreined, careering impulse of the gale, the whole herd of hastening waters—running surge, leaping sea and scrambling wave were huddling into the cheerless haze and smother to leeward. Brushing a salt-wet hand across his eyes, appealing to the compass for a fixed departure of vision, the officer on watch peered steadily out across the sea till that slipping, ever shifting expanse whirled and jumped before his dizzy eyes; and then holding tightly to the rail he would catch himself up and once more in hand look abroad.

The man at the wheel, sheltered a little from the blast by the canvas hood flapping above him, cast an occasional pitying glance at his superior; pitying, because he saw by tokens of dry lips and twitching muscles about the mouth that fever was heavy upon him. But even his sympathy could not detect beneath the signs of physical weakness the unruly thoughts which added terrors of the inner soul to the inconsequent flashings of dizzy senses.

When his trick at the wheel was over, the kindly sailor remarked to his mate who was relieving him "Watch 'er yourself pretty close, Bill, the third ain't well. Blame me if I wasn't thinkin' 'e'd Cally well tumble in a bloody faint, but I reckon 'e's game. Don't let 'er get away from ye. She's carryin' too much port-hellum."

A couple of hours later the third mate went below, took off his wet-weather clothes and flung himself into his bunk to wait for his midday meal. At noon by dead reckoning the captain and chief-engineer had figured that they still had twenty-eight hundred miles to Port Townsend. With a good start and a loaded vessel that would have meant ten days, and as he thought of the expedients they

were put to in order to keep the propeller under water, and listened to the hoarse screaming of the gale which nearly stopped all progress, the third groaned heavily.

The Chinese boy, sent by the captain to see why the third mate did not relieve the second for dinner, found him moaning in his bunk, quite unresponsive to any shaking or calling. Certain that the only hope for his life was in exertion in the open air, they dosed him with brandy, dragged him out of his berth and with unlimited curses in pretended anger gave him to understand that he must stand his watch willy nilly.

A prey to all the fluctuating effects of the consumption that held him relentlessly, Rodney found that some days nothing was more grateful and steadying than the tempest which rages with but little intermission in the winter of the North Pacific. Gay, intoxicated with the fiery stimulant of diseased blood, he kept his watch with a keenness of vision, an unhealthy sensitiveness to every varying mood of sky and sea that made his actions the wonder of the sailors.

"Bill," said one to his mate, "that third is an angel in oilskins. 'E keeps the weather bridge, an' spite of all 'e seems to be feelin' the seas with 'is 'and on the wheel. It's 'stand by to meet 'er,' it's 'ease 'er over that ugly one'—talkin' all the while, an' me atwiddlin' the bloody wheel to 'is orders, an' by 'eavens, 'e keeps 'er within a point of 'er course, which is more 'n any other livin' man cud do this weather."

"An' last night," continued the other, "right in the thickest of the smother, 'e sends down for 'is sextant, an' by Jiminy, the cloud shows a bit o' sky an' 'e gets a star. But look at 'im today. 'E don't know 'is own name, an' the fourth mate is standin' by up there to 'elp 'im. 'E's that stoopid, 'e 'ailed me as 'No. 13,' like I was a bloomin' Chinaman."

As Rodney grew weaker, his days of elation became more infrequent. Having the forenoon watch, his morning's task ended with the making of eight bells, and as each twenty-four hours showed a feeble progress of less than half an average daily run, with a dreary face he went below, to come out an hour later to the dinner table with feverish fancies of a phenomenal run on the morrow.

"Wonder what's in Rodney's head," said the captain to the first officer. "He's burning up with a very evident desire to get ashore, but why, I can't make out. 'Course with his trouble he'll die within a week of reaching land. Good officer too."

"I'll try and find out sir. He's not very communicative as a rule, and I've never seen much of him. He's one of the slickest mates I ever saw. It's hard luck."

The next night the mate, who was kept up almost constantly by the dirty weather, came past the third officer's cabin just after he had left the bridge. Knocking hesitatingly, he stepped boldly in to find Rodney lighting his pipe with a trembling hand.

"Thought as it was New Year's Eve—rather New Year,—I'd step in and wish ye a happy year. How are ye feeling?"

"Middlin'. Queer New Year's weather, aint it?"

"Yes. Reckon ye found the bridge pretty nasty. How's she steering?"

"Fair. That Dutch chap is clever with the wheel."

Then fell silence, broken only by the sighing murmur "New Year's Eve" from the mate. Rodney was swinging in the bunk every roll making him duck his head to clear the lamp. Beneath the dully heard whistle of the wind and the waltzing lilt of the engines came a flooding tide of shore memories. After a while, merely to break the wretched spell the mate looked around the little cabin. Wet-weather clothes were everywhere; all loose trinkets

had evidently been stowed and the only thing on the bare bulkhead was a picture of a woman. The face and its far-away expression caught the mate's attention. There was a weary expectancy, a feeling of heart-weakness that dreaded even happy news, an indefinable look of "after" about the mouth. With an involuntary stealthiness he glanced over at Rodney. His gaze also was hard upon it and through his parted lips came the slow expiration of long fought sorrow.

He caught the Mate's glance and answered it by a halting "Yes,—it is my wife."

The crash of the waves against the side, the spit of spray across the port glass and the struggling lurch to windward went regularly on, but no sound from either of them. Presently Rodney slipped back into his bunk and withdrawing his pipe from between his teeth said, "That's my Ethel, sir. She was a Seattle girl. Ye know western women, and she was a queen, with a way of knowin' what a fellow 's doin' for himself, that is better 'n this to and fro questionin' of some. She knew I was a sailor. She knew my watch. She knew just what I had to do at sea, and how I had to watch things when we was in port. When she came down to where we were lyin', she come when she was sure I'd be glad to see her. Man, she used to come into my cabin and stow everything ship-shape. She used to make me take her around after the stevedores had knocked off work and I can see her yet sittin' down in the forehold, on a big packin' case, with the light above her, and she a-tellin' me how she hated owners that 'ud send a ship across the Pacific with just 'nough coal to make Port Townsend. We was married about three year and four month ago — the reckonin' 's on the back of the picture. I was in this trade then and I got back to Seattle about every nine weeks and I'd have a week with her. Fourth voyage I come back just in time to sort o'

welcome our kid. He was a little corker. He was fat and chubby, and as slick a bit of a lad as ever you see. I could ha' sailed that old hooker by dead reck'nin' after that. You ought to ha' seen me cuss out the man at the wheel when he let her off a point. Many a mornin' I've stood the wheel myself, holdin' her into it, and almost seein' the bottom that was a thousand fathoms below a-shovin' past and shoalin'. He grew wonderful, but sea's no place to live, and the comin' of the kid had made me and Ethel want each other worse 'n before. A bit of a lad than can stand with both feet in your palm ain't such an awful carrier, but Ethel and I put our whole lot in him, and yet I loved her the most all the time,—on account of the kid. On the bridge, when I was at sea, I was trudgin' back and forth, or reliev'in' the quartermaster when I was special bad, and I knew at home she was trampin' back and forth a-holdin' the boy, both of us standin' our watch.

"As I make it now, those days when we was runnin' up the Sound from the Straits was the happiest of my life. I could watch the shore waves as we went jumpin' by, and sometimes I'd go down into the engine-room, and Mac used to tell me it heated every damn bearin' when I dropped down beside him. He was a good sort and didn't spare coal.

"One trip we was to lay off for a month. Machinery wanted overhaulin', and we was goin' to dock and paint. Consequent I was rather taut set up as we was whirlin' her through the mist. We had an awful time gettin' alongside the wharf, and it was nightfall when I finally got things so's I could go ashore.

"I went up the street—it's a stiff climb—and knocked on the door. A servin' maid as I didn't know—my wife lived like a lady—opened the door. I asked for Mrs. Rodney, and she said she'd call her.

"I was standin' at the foot of the stairs, a-lookin' up.

I saw Ethel come to the top and start down. She was dressed in a blue gown, with pretty slippers on her feet. She was pale and steppin' very slow. When she was half-way down she looked right through me, and with a bit of a laugh she said: 'Tom, if you want me to come down, you'll have to carry me.'"

Rodney rubbed his pipe carefully on his jacket sleeve and stuck it between his teeth. The mate was staring at the picture on the bulkhead.

"It was but two jumps and she was in my arms; not cryin', as was usual when I come back, but tremblin', and when I put my head down to hers, I thanked God I was ashore, for a month maybe. I took her up-stairs, and my heart was so full of her I never asked about the lad. Suddenly it struck me and I says, 'Ethel, where's our boy?' She quit tremblin' and reached her arm around my neck and says, 'Tom, he followed you—but he's not come back.'

"But he left all the love we had for each other, which we'd given him to keep, more'n it was before. Pray God, sir, you never know what it is to look at your wife when her arms are empty. And yet it was most hard when I was away from her for a day, down to the ship. I'd come in times and she'd be asleep, and her hand 'ud be fussin' with the bosom of her gown, and I knew she was thinkin' of our boy. Maybe it was harder for her; I don't know. We'd had a doctor for some weeks, and it was gettin' time for me to sail. It was bitter hard, sir. Not but that I was sure I could work off my own trouble, though one's got more time at sea to think than 's good for one, but I wasn't bearin' to think of her.

"One night late we was talkin' it over together, and she was wantin' to know what our cargo was, and how it was stowed. But it was no use, sir; we wasn't forgettin'. I knew it, and she knew it, so we just laid there a-shakin' and aquiverin'—afraid.

"Toward mornin' I felt her arm across my neck, very tender, and I turned my face to her's, and she says: 'Tom, it's been too much for me. I could have lived if I hadn't got so scared, Tom. Tom, when you're standin' your watch, think of me. Don't ever forget Seattle, nor that it's there that I'm lyin'. Be brave, Tom,—don't make it hard for the lad and me. We'll watch till we see your signals and we'll meet you, Ethel and your laddie.'

"When she was goin' I was by her, feelin' alone. But she came back for a little and whispered, 'Take me up, Tom. Hold me tight—till it's over—for Tom! Tom! I'm afraid.'

"She is dead. From that day to this I've lived at sea. Now this disease is upon me, and for a year I have been sure that I must die, and I've not got much more time. It is a lonely thing to die, sir. I'd like to be signalled once more off the Cape. If it could be I'd like a woman nurse to sort of pass me along. But so I'm signalled, Ethel will meet me, with the lad. But—at times I'm afraid too."

The first mate stared ceaselessly at the picture. Rodney had curled himself up in his bunk. Rising with an effort, and swaying uncertainly to the tumble of the ship, the mate said hoarsely "Rodney, can ye make out to last for a week yet?"

There was no answer.

Two days later, when a quartermaster came to turn out the third mate for his evening watch, he found him tossing with fever and muttering in delirium. For three days his fellows stood his watch, nursed him, and buffeted beyond measure by angry sea and roaring gale, managed to drive the ship to within two days steam of Port Townsend. Here a severe gale broke upon them and the exertion of every man was called upon. The storm was, however favorable in the way of driving them towards the

American coast, and it was with an anxious face that at noon the captain reckoned that they should make the entrance to the Straits at daybreak the following day. All through the hours of daylight the captain went over his reckonings, prayed for one minute's glimpse of the sun, and watched the falling glass with miscellaneous profanity.

As the short midwinter day came to an end and the night fell black and heavy over a frantic sea, the engines, now almost helpless, racing furiously, were slowed to a long, straining, creaking tread just barely sufficient to keep the vessel under control. Later, as visions of a lee shore and stern cliffs loomed high before the captain's eyes, he determined to edge off a little, so as to be ready to put out in case of necessity. Light as the steamer now was, her scanty coal supply nearly exhausted, she was so unmanageable that they found themselves unable even to heave her to. In a last effort to keep her on a course, the stay sails and jib were set. Twenty men hung on a sheet and tugging, swinging, dragging, never yielding a hard won inch, sweated it flat. By two hours exhausting toil, two small staysails and a jib were hoisted on the steamer. At midnight the captain gave orders to set an after stay-sail. Cautiously, maintaining a precarious foothold on the dizzily lurching deck, the men, cold, wet to the skin, faces bleeding from the wind-driven sleet, prepared to loosen and set the sail. At the last moment it was found that an upper brail rope, which confined the stowed sail to the mast, was jammed. Hanging to ropes, crouching in the shelter of the bulwarks, the sailors peered into the blackness above them and stared uneasily at each other.

"Some one's got to cast that loose," shouted the mate. After a moment's hesitation, a man scrambled to the weather rigging, climbed up a little way, hung there and struggled down, white and breathless. The fourth mate crawled aft and bellowed in the mate's ear:

"Captain says—must—haste—set—staysail."

With an inarticulate reply the mate let go of the pin to which he was clinging and started across the deck. He reached the foot of the mast just as a big, white, swinging sea came bodily over the side and plunged to leeward, carrying forty feet of bulwarks with it.

When he got his breath, and with an instant's glance estimated the damage, the mate turned his eyes once more on the cowering sailors clinging around the mast. A man slid down the slope of the weather deck, grasped him around the waist, and, as a sickening roll of the ship swung them out over the broken gap in the side, said shrilly, "I'll go up and cast it loose."

"Quick! you damn fool, and God bless you. My God! Rodney!" he shouted, as a pair of gleaming eyes crossed his own.

Without coat, hat or boots, the third mate crawled slowly up, reached the foot of the topmast and disappeared into the blackness aloft. Below they waited, bracing themselves. From above there came a piercing cry: "Haul awa-ay!"

A dozen men struggled away from the foot of the mast, and the sail opened out with a crashing boom. Five minutes later it was trimmed and the watch was cautiously making its way to the midships deck. Mustering them there, the mate missed one. Looking aft, he strained his eyes into the dark, then crying, "Rodney! Rodney!" plunged down again upon the after-deck. Going to the foot of the mainmast he looked up past the tense white of the sail to the shadowy topmast. The signal halliards stood out under the wind; a brail rope lashed wildly about, but no man was to be seen.

Half an hour later the first officer stepped upon the bridge, and stumbling to where the captain stood, shouted in his ear: "Rodney—beaten from mast by sail, sir—lost."

The Captain pointed a wet forefinger out towards the tumultuous dark ahead, and following its direction, the mate discerned gleaming just above the crest of a far off surge a steady light.

"Cape Flattery, by Heavens!" he said, with a sigh of relief.

—*John Fleming Wilson.*

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

It was a sultry day in early June; the fair, cloudless sky overhead, and the soft, green earth all about. Across the splendor of the fields the glistening pike stretched like a scar. At intervals along it little white mists floated up, enveloping some traveller in their dusty arms.

I had left the city far behind me and was pedaling leisurely along the broad road enjoying the beauties of the hills and fields. Occasionally I looked back to where a dark cloud of smoke hung in the sky, and thanked Heaven that I was far away from the noise and dirt and tumult which lay beneath it. What a contrast were these hills, with their waving maples, these fields of corn and wheat, these rolling meadows of red-dotted clover! It was good to be alive and to drink in this balmy air, like rich old wine redolent with the sweetest perfumes.

As I coasted slowly down a shady slope, canopied by interlacing branches, I spied drawn up by the roadside not far ahead a baby carriage, and on the bank, his back resting against an aged oak, an old man. As I approached I noticed that the carriage was empty, and that the old man was hot and dusty. He seemed a man anywhere from sixty to seventy years of age, and it struck me as rather

strange that he should be in charge of an old, worn baby carriage on a dusty pike far away from any town or habitation. Decidedly he must be an interesting character! I dismounted and leaned my bicycle against the bank beside the carriage. The old man glanced up once as I drew near, and I caught a glimpse of piercing blue eyes beneath dusty gray brows. A thin mass of hair, with just a hint of dark, was pushed back from his forehead. He wore a cheap gingham shirt, open at the neck; one red suspender held up a pair of dark cottonade trousers, and a pair of old congress shoes and dirty, white socks completed the sum total of his apparel.

After the one swift glance at me, he fixed his eyes on his arm, which he held out from his breast and bent at the elbow. He was singing a low slumber song and alternately mopping his brow and fanning the flies away from the hollow of his arm. Being unable to arrive at any satisfactory explanation for his actions, I decided to get acquainted.

"Good afternoon," I said. "Pretty hot; isn't it?"

He looked up quickly, and put his forefinger to his lips, indicating that I should keep quiet. I obeyed for some time, watching him rock gently back and forth, drooning softly. Then I spoke up again: "Does your arm hurt you? Perhaps I can do something for it?"

"Hush!" he whispered harshly. "He's almost asleep now. I'll talk to ye directly."

For a moment or two more he rocked and hummed, then wrapping his left arm about his imaginary burden, he rose slowly, walked over to the buggy, placed the baby carefully in it, pushed it up and down several times, waved the flies away from the little face, then turned and tiptoed back to where I stood. The whole affair was so strange and droll that I came near laughing outright but the serious, anxious look on the old man's face stopped even the smile on my lips.

"Come further away so he can't hear," he whispered, pulling me gently by the coat.

We sat down in a shady spot about fifty feet from the invisible sleeping infant. The old man looked frankly up into my eyes and smiled.

"I'm mighty glad to see ye," he said. "I didn't say 'Howdy' before because I didn't want to take no chances of wakin' John. He usually sleeps pretty restless in the a'ternoon." He cast his eyes apprehensively toward the baby carriage.

"Say," he added, "it's blamed hot travellin' ain't it? That thing o' yourn is a heap easier pushin' than that baby buggy, I reckon."

"I suppose it is," said I, wonderingly; for the old man was more than I could understand. He seemed perfectly rational about everything but the baby. I thought it best to humor him in that.

"That's a fine boy you've got," I said.

A pleased smile lit up his old wrinkled face. "Yes," he answered, "John's about as fine a boy as I guess I ever seen. I hope he grows up to be as fine and good as he is now. Babies is mighty queer though, you can't tell nothin' about 'em till they've growed up."

"Where are you bound for?" I asked, changing the subject.

"I'm takin' him back home to his mother. He's two and a half year old now and they ain't neither of us seen her for sometime."

"You live near here then, do you?"

He looked up at me, but through me and beyond, as if his mind were searching for something away off on the horizon. "Back home," he murmured, "'way back home." His eyes told me that that was all he knew. The word in his mind was associated with no definite place. He did not know where "home" was.

"Have you been on the road long?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, several years now. It's pretty fur I tell ye." The incongruity of this last statement with the baby's age did not appeal to him. He looked around carefully at the sky and added, "If it don't rain we'll probably get there day after to-morrow nigh sun-rise. An' that's just when I wanted to get back to the old place."

He put his elbows on his knees, rested his head in his hands and remained silent a moment, gazing wistfully across the fields to a range of high hills crowned now by the golden splendor of the sun.

"'Bout that time o' the mornin' Meggie 'll be out in the chicken yard with that little red sun bonnet o' her'n on. I c'n see her holdin' up that apron all full o' corn an' them chickens just a kissin' the ground she walks on. Jim 'll be out in the field plowin' and Liza 'll be doin' up the breakfast dishes." He talked very low and to himself, ignoring my presence entirely.

"I know we'll find her out there an' she'll be so surprised to see us, him an' me, and we'll be so glad to git back home again. 'Tain't much fun travellin' so fur this kind o' weather, you see stran—" He stopped suddenly and sprang over to the baby carriage as if he had heard a cry. He bent over it for a minute, then turned to me and said,

"Well, stranger, Johnny don't seem to be much took for sleep this a'ternoon so we'll be movin' on. You goin' our way?"

"Going to the city are you?"

"I guess so. We be followin' this road to the East."

"Yes, I'll go along."

"Glad to have ye."

We started back together. I rode slowly on my wheel and the old man kept even, pushing the buggy before him. His step was wonderfully firm and elastic, his old eyes bright and laughing. He grasped the handle of the carriage firmly in his dirty brown hands.

He did not mind being questioned and I tried to draw him out in regard to his past life, but learned nothing. He had a vivid picture of his home, a farm, and his wife and children and friends—but that was all. He did not remember his friends' names or the location of his farm. All he knew of himself was that for many years he had been wandering about, stopping now and then for various lengths of time to work, but always pushing on toward that home which ever seemed so near at hand but which he had never been able to reach. His own name was "Jist Sam," he said. He remembered the route of his travels and had started from San Francisco.

It was after sundown when we reached the city. I had no place to keep Sam, and, knowing that he would be well cared for by the police I took him to the station, saw him comfortably fixed, and left him there.

The next day the morning papers contained stories of the strange old man and his imaginary baby. But the reporters had succeeded no better than I in discovering his history and his name.

I was called out of town on business that evening and it was not until the afternoon of the third day following my bicycle ride that I could visit the station again. I found a friend of mine, a reporter for the *Evening Star*, sitting in the office, his feet on a table and a bull dog pipe in his mouth. He nodded as I entered, knocked the ashes from his pipe and proceeded to fill it from a package of "Bull Durham." I saw that he had something to say and so I waited. Reporters usually take their time. He filled the bowl, lighted it, took a few puffs, spat through one of the squares in the iron grating and said:

"I want to thank you, Reynolds, for bringing that old man down here last Saturday."

"He's just the man I came down to see," said I. "I suppose he's here yet."

"You came down to see *him* did you?"

"Well, I didn't come to see you." Smith laughed.

"You'll have to make me do, old man. Your dear, crazy old friend has gone, thanks to me. I see you haven't been reading the papers lately."

"No, I've been away. What has happened?"

"Oh, nothing except that I have the laugh on the other fellows on account of a little scoop of mine. You see, that night you brought the old codger in I was doing dog watch. So when bed time came I went in and saw him put Johnny to sleep. It was about the funniest and queerest thing I ever saw. He rocked back and forth on that old straight-legged chair and hummed and finally laid the kid down on the pallet. Then he talked to me in a whisper for about an hour. I couldn't learn a thing about him, but while we were talking he rolled up his right sleeve and I noticed that his forearm had a deep scar on it and just above the scar was tattooed a man and horse. That struck me as being a little out of the ordinary, so I put it in my story."

Smith saw that I was interested, so he stopped aggravatingly for a moment and then continued:

"I made quite a thing out of it and they ran it all. Nothing happened until Monday when the city editor called me in and handed me a letter from a little town in Missouri. Read it yourself."

Smith handed me this letter, written in a trembling, scrawling hand:

Evening Star.

DEAR SIRS;

I noticed in Sunday's paper that there is an old man there in the police station with a scar and a tattooed man and horse on his forearm. I think that man is my father. My mother and I are coming up to-morrow to see him.

Yours truly,

JOHN KINGMAN.

"And was it really true?" I asked quickly.

Smith ignored my excitement. "The city editor says to me, 'Smith that will make a good story, you tend to it. The letter was mailed Sunday, they will be here on the Santa Fe at five o'clock.'

"They came—a little woman of about fifty-five and a big strapping boy of eighteen or twenty. She was just the most motherly old lady I ever saw and I fell in love with her at first sight. She was trembling with excitement and could hardly speak.

"She's so afraid it might not be father,' said John, smiling at me and looking down lovingly at her. 'Her hopes have been aroused vainly so many times since she lost him, that she's almost given up hope entirely.'

"I gave them what assurance I could and found out all about them. They had lived in Missouri ten years, having moved there from a farm in Ohio. Five years before they left Ohio the husband and father went west to look at a fruit farm in California. He wrote them that he had changed his mind and was prospecting for gold. That was the last they ever heard of him. They remembered him well and knew that he had a scarred, tattooed forearm. John, the baby and his father's favorite was two and a half years old at the time of the disappearance.

"Of course I didn't want the other papers to get on to it, so I took them to a hotel near the station and went over after Sam. I tried to get him to leave the baby but he wouldn't and insisted on carrying it along. I no longer had any doubt as to his identity, but was afraid his mind had become so effected that he could never recover. The only hope was to make the meeting a complete surprise. By the time we reached the hotel my heart began to throb painfully for I realized just how much this meant to those two who were waiting for us. I knocked softly at the room door and we entered. For a moment Sam did not notice

any one else in the room, and then—he saw *her*.

"She was standing where the light from the window shone in on her pale, tear-wet face. The moment she saw him she clasped her hands and gave an involuntary little cry. She had recognized him in spite of the ragged clothes, the dirt and the changes which the years must have wrought in him. They stood gazing at each other for ages it seemed to me. Suddenly unable to restrain herself longer she ran over to him and caught his hands in her's.

" 'Oh, Sammy, Sammy,' she cried, 'don't you know me?' Her eyes were streaming, and all the pent up love of the years was in her voice and pleaded for her.

"Slowly the dazed, vacant look in his eyes gave way to a gleam of recognition. The voice, the face, the name had at last pierced the cloudy recesses of his memory and he knew her. He brought her hands together and bowed his face upon them. He was crying. Then he put his arm about her and kissed her tenderly.

" 'Meggie, my own little Meggie, I am home with you at last' he murmured."

Puff—puff—puff—

The smoke hid Smith's face.

After a moment I asked, "And what became of the baby carriage?"

"Oh," said Smith, "I thought the vehicle had seen too much of life, so I took it home and when some enterprising citizen starts a museum here, I'll give it to him for a curiosity."

—*Ralph P. Swofford.*

EDITORIAL.

The Editors wish to announce that during the coming year, in addition to the *Ten dollar* prize for the best Washington's Birthday oration, there will be offered a prize of *Twenty dollars* for the best short story and a prize of *Ten dollars* for the best short poem. The conditions of this contest will be announced in the June number.

The new Board realizes just how fortunate it is in having as its predecessors the Editors of Nineteen Hundred. Under their control the LIT. has had a splendidly successful year. Not only have they made it a better magazine to-day than it has been for many years in the past, but (and this is of utmost importance) they have awakened new interest in it and given it a far better position in the estimation of the student body. Men are beginning to see that the LIT., when properly managed, should be of interest to the undergraduates, should be of value as a literary magazine, should be a power in Princeton. In their endeavor to realize the high aim with which they assumed their duties the Nineteen Hundred Board have worked hard and faithfully—how hard perhaps very few men in college know. It would have been comparatively easy for them to continue in the old way and fill up the LIT. with their own productions. Instead they choose the less selfish but far harder policy of making other men write, and of carrying through such innovations as the

"Story Teller's Number," the "Alumni Number," and the "Census." For the old board we have none but words of praise for what they have accomplished, and sincere gratitude for the interest they have taken in our work. Though their efforts have perhaps not been fully appreciated by every man in college, still the fact that they have placed the *LIT.* nearer to that position which it once held, and, in so doing have earned the gratitude of all those who are interested in the literary side of Princeton life, is no doubt to them a sufficient reward.

It shall be our policy to a great extent
Concerning during the coming year to follow along the
lines laid down by the outgoing board. We
the Magazine shall of course keep ever before ourselves the
fact that this is above all things a distinctly
literary magazine, but our aim shall be, as far as is consistent, to make the *LIT.* of interest to the undergraduates. During the past year the number of contributors has increased greatly and it is indeed gratifying to learn that the old board had accepted twice as many articles as it could publish. This of itself shows a new literary activity which must not be allowed to diminish, for with a large number of men writing, the magazine is bound to command more attention and be more widely read. Then in regard to the contents: while we fully realize the important position which the Short Story occupies in the collegiate estimation, and shall endeavor to satisfy our readers in that respect, still we wish to cast no disparagement upon the *LIT.* Essay. Of all places a college magazine is just the one for the short, crisp essay which deals with some phase of undergraduate life or draws a practical lesson or tells men something which they do not know but would like to know. If the sentiment is against the essay it is simply because there have appeared during recent

years too many merely private opinions on authors or books, which naturally have not appealed to men not interested in those particular subjects. In the Editorial department we intend to discuss freely and frankly many important questions affecting Princeton life and customs. If there is one thing in which Princeton is lacking it is in intelligent criticism, and while the editors feel keenly their incapacity to supply this need, still we wish to start the ball rolling and we most sincerely invite suggestions and contributions to this department. All handed in will receive most careful consideration. To our contributors we say, "Keep your eyes open and write only about things in which you think others beside yourself are interested." To our readers and critics, "Give us your help, remember that we are very fallible; but perhaps, with your encouragement we may accomplish something during the coming year for the LIT. and for Princeton."

The team which won the recent Yale-
The Yale Princeton debate cannot be accorded too much
praise. At the most critical period in our
Debate. debating history, they wiped out the stain of a
long series of defeats by a splendid victory.
Princeton showed an improvement in manner of presentation, in the force of her rebuttal, in the form of the debaters which speaks eloquently for the new system of training originated by Prof. Covington. For the immense amount of work spent in preparation, for the unselfish zeal of the men, for the added prestige which this success has given the University, Princeton men everywhere are grateful to the team, the substitutes and the coach. With revived interest we look forward to more victories in the future.

GOSSIP.

"I would not perish by the worst of all ends; that is I would not receive a favor and then be unable to return it."

—*Saying of Socrates.*

Oh noble, thrice noble Socrates! How long, Old North, how long shall be the time until the precepts (and the practice) of the Grecian sage penetrate even into the darkest halls of Edwards and to the topmost floor of Reunion? Sometimes the Gossip wonders if, after all, our boasted progress is any great advance. Are we free? Are we independent? Speak up ye down-trodden ones! Is not the voice of the "crabber" heard in the land?

Kind reader in the world outside, seek not in the "Standard" for the meaning of that word; rather let thine eyes be opened to see and thy mind to understand, and thou shalt perceive that it signifieth one who moveth up sidewise like unto a *crab*, and sticketh like a *burr* until whatsoever his heart desireth, that he hath obtained.

Know then that these modern crustaceans, even as those more ancient men of gall, may be divided into three great classes, according to the nature of the article they chiefly affect. The first type of "crabber" is fond of cigarettes, any kind that 's handy; the second is ingenious, he always carries a \$.65 French briar pipe and an *empty* pouch for a blind; but the third and most tyrannous of all, the real scourge of the campus, is the man-who-only-wants-a-light. He *always* wants it, but the real mean, or n'ry cussedness of him lies right here: he *invariably* stops you if you 're in a hurry. If you 're on a wheel so much the better. You may pass him leisurely twenty times a day, he ignores you, *he* is looking for a man with a worried look in order to add his last straw: "Hold on there, old man, what's the rush? Say, can't you let me have a light?" By all accounts this last species is the oldest of the three: it is said that Diogenes made some such request of Alexander.

There are, of course, many other individual types, such as the man who uses his room-mate's books, or the one who never owned a baseball, or that mysterious personage who does n't put your wheel back where he found it. In fact, were we all suddenly to become as sensitive as Socrates, very obviously the death rate would show an appreciable rise.

But there is a more optimistic view of the matter, and Gossip likes to think it is the true one. Though a real danger, and one not often appreciated, exists in the too great breaking down of the barriers between "mine" and "thine," though careless habits are formed which may

some day become stumbling-blocks to their possessors in a less generous community than ours, though extravagance and even dependence should be slightly encouraged by such a genial atmosphere of freedom, still the evil is only a virtue overgrown. It has its root in the firm soil of our Princeton democracy. We feel instinctively that *things* are of no importance as compared with *men*. Sordid attention to the getting and the keeping of mere material wealth has not yet been forced upon most of us. We don't despise it, to be sure, and the complaint of being over "flush" is rare, but we only want it for what of good it can procure us. We spend it on our friends, and they on us, and thus we get the added benefit of fellowship with its unending May days and "fair weather" of the heart, a benefit not to be expressed in terms of filthy lucre. How recklessly we spend our money and our energy when a point of loyalty is raised! How a championship game stirs our enthusiasm, and shortens our bank account! Perhaps for some of us it lengthens it, but even then it is the winning, not the winnings for which we care most.

Gossip believes that through all the different phases of our life here, which, whatever else may be said of it, is certainly hearty and genuine, there runs a spirit of natural nobility. He likes to feel that he is one of a body of "nature's true gentlemen," who, rough or polished, rich or poor, Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, have in their power to see and to grasp what is best and highest in their opportunities, and the will to scorn baseness and above all *littleness*.

We *are* such a body, in the aggregate, or surely our boastings have been in vain, for on no other ground can we claim for Princeton true democracy. And just in proportion as we are gentlemen and equals, just in that proportion can we suffer without harm a spirit of disregard for the "meum et tuum." In a recent reading of Emerson's essay on "Gifts" the Gossip noticed and here quotes a passage which seems to him to contain the whole ethic of generosity: "The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. *When the waters are at a level*, then my goods pass to him, and his to me."—To paraphrase, when you go the baseball game you buy the caramels and the other fellow buys the peanuts, and there is no occasion for the "Peanut" song.

Now let the "crabber" flourish, for he is but the sign of a strong and generous life throughout the undergraduate body. Let him attest his friendship for mankind in general by borrowing whatsoever seemeth good unto him, let him choose of all the wheels from Brown to Reunion the one that likes him best, but let the Gossip state that since he last found his own wheel he has procured a combination lock.

BOOK TALK.

Red Blood and Blue. By Harrison Robertson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The past year in American literature has been one of surprises. Various causes—skillful advertising or the lack of able and conscientious criticism, or even the intrinsic worth of a book—have, time and again, placed unknown writers on a dizzy eminence by the sales of their maiden productions reaching into the hundreds of thousands. This, of course, has its hurtful side, but it has also been beneficial in giving an inestimable stimulus to literary effort the country over and a welcome to several who really show promise of better things.

And Mr. Harrison Robertson is one of these. Within the year he has presented the public with two books—his first continuous efforts. For, like many of our young American novelists, he began as a magazine writer, and the Talker still remembers with delight his first and best short story—"How the Derby Was Won." The little sketch was drawn in that graceful, smooth, flowing narrative style characteristic of our best Southern writers. But more than this, it throbbed with truth and life; you felt the still, hot air of that early June day, you saw the great grandstand banked to the top with the flowers of Kentucky beauty; you even sniffed with pleasure the dust that the preliminary canters tossed up; you saw the crowds of Derby day sway to and fro. In fine, the descriptive and magnetic power of the writer put you on the spot, willing or no, and kept you there. Well, this faculty, coupled with an easy style and a will not to "let well enough alone," are sufficient to give a novelist reasonable success, even in this age of literary stress, so that Mr. Robertson may feel sure of this much.

But *à nos moutons*. "Red Blood and Blue" is his first serious attempt at book-making. The tale is simple, and one must confess, a trifle commonplace. Andrew Outcault, son of a swindler on a large scale—in a class, therefore, the sublimation (to make a bull) of what the darkies in the South call "po' white trash"—falls in love at an age early even for the susceptible Southerner, with a tiny maiden, Victoria Torrance, a scion of the ancient house which his father has defrauded. In the end Andrew overcomes every obstacle and the two are united in the bonds of holy wedlock, and the tale is done. Of course, the girl has a lover of her own rank in life, one Arthur Ferne, and, of course, finds that she can't love him. You expect that, but you don't expect the

understudy to be so really lovable as he is, in spite, too, of a fault with which the author needlessly and superfluously endows him. Let me explain, for it is the fundamental error of the book. The author contrasts two men—one of low birth and presumably inherited tendencies toward evil, the other of the true old Southern nobility. He seeks to show that the red blood has powers and faculties superior to the blue. But he is unfair. He doesn't start his men both on the scratch. To the one he gives every endowment that man or god was ever blessed with. Obstacles to him are trifles light as air. Mountains are mole-hills—no, level ground. The seven-league boots would probably have made him feel that he was going backward.

And, by the bye, that is a prime fault with our writers of to-day. Their heroes are so little human, and they have such a graceful, airy way of getting over every difficulty. Now, this sort of rot is very easy to write, but why can't some novelist have courage to tackle the details of a successful man's life. Would that Peter Cooper, or Matthew Vassar, Stephen Girard, or Andrew Carnegie, or any one of a thousand others, had a Pepys or a Boswell for his biographer!

But, to return, Terue, the aristocrat, is, on the other hand, handicapped with a failing which in the South makes for utter infamy, and as rare in the class to which he belonged, and as repulsive as leprosy—physical cowardice. Moreover, the reader feels that the author has not fully squared matters by giving the poor fellow a superabundance of moral courage, inasmuch as the tacit understanding seems to be that our friend Andrew has a large supply of this sort, as well as sufficient of the other to frighten his cowardly antipode into leading another of those desperate charges up San Juan Hill.

So this is the mistake which the author makes. He takes two radical exceptions to the two great classes of the South, and tries to draw the moral that it is better that the one supplant the other. The effect he produced on the Talker's mind was that he had a sneaking love for and loyalty to the Old South, after all, and that he made its representative in his book faulty in order to prejudice his own mind, to harden his own heart.

Then, too, there are some minute minor slips. In the first few pages Andrew becomes several kinds of boy in a very limited period of time—only a barefoot country boy, entirely unschooled, he addresses Mr. Torrance in decidedly polished phrase; he dreams of mediæval castles and knights-errant, and most of all, he gets so love-sick that he doesn't want any supper. Think of it, a sturdy country lad not wanting any supper because he was in love! The Talker has a faint reminiscence that when he was about that age, he also had acute heart trouble, but he is certain it didn't affect his stomach.

The author is evidently a disciple of Dickens and uses his trick of fixing minor characters in the reader's mind by presenting in a strong light one or two peculiar traits. Now this is all very well in moderation,

but it has been Talker's private opinion—of course, he wouldn't for the world make it public—but it has been Talker's private opinion, I say, after a prolonged course of Dickensia, that the immortal Dickens himself sometimes overdid the thing, and when the heirloom falls into hands not yet sufficiently skilled in its use, why—well, in fact it becomes a bore. So that Red Blood would have been better if people like Mrs. Rearden and Cap'n Pow and Little Ony Swango had not straggled through its pages. One more growl and Talker's grumble will be over. Mr. Robertson has resuscitated that antediluvian trick of leaving his hero dead on a battlefield only to resurrect him miraculously and in the very nick of time. Why, Scott ran that into the ground years and years ago, and the Talker has a suspicion that the first time it was perpetrated was one too many.

Notwithstanding these faults, due more to inexperience than anything else, the book is certainly worth reading, for it presents very charmingly and cleverly many phases of Southern life and ideals. The sketch of Ferne's welcome home after the Spanish war is a skillful and ironical portrayal of the excesses and folly to which the whole country ran at that period. After closing the book, two impressions remain with us—the Southern fidelity to woman—"What woman does is never wrong!"—the other, the pathos of the passing of the Old South, that in the words of Burke, I think, "Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that humility which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom"—the inevitable yielding of the Age of the Slave to the Age of Steam—this, after all, is the moral of "Red Blood and Blue."

Boys and Men—A Story of Life at Yale. By Richard Holbrook New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

College stories are becoming a distinct phase of American fiction. It is true they appeal to only a small percentage of the reading public and are perhaps fully appreciated by only the comparatively small number who have at some time or other lived in the midst of the scenes depicted. True, too, it is, that in the very nature of the case they must be ephemeral, for college customs and even the types of college men and women change time and again in a generation. It is wonderful, in the face of these natural bars to a wide success or a lasting, how many clever writers find it worth while to present to the public sketches of life at their *alma maters* as they found it. By the time one tale has run its course and becomes a monument to a past civilization, another a little more clever is ready to take its place.

Yale has been rather unfortunate in respect of representative literature. "Yale Yarns" is not especially fascinating or excellent from a literary point, and now the latest sketch of Yale life, which must, I sup-

pose, supplant it as being more strictly up-to-date, is one which lacks absolutely the spice of variety. "Boys and Men," by Richard Holbrook, is entirely too conventional. You have here the oldish chap of great stature and muscles from the West who comes to college determined to make his way. The way is nicely smoothed for him. He knows nothing in particular about football or studies, has never played the one and has a very poor preparation in the other, yet in Freshman year he "makes the 'Varsity," and "holds first group" throughout his course. He meets just at the right time a girl with whom another fellow—his chum, of course—is in love, and—of course, the chum is worsted.

The chum, this time, happens to be also an athlete. He makes the football team and the crew and is lovable and the most popular man in college, and after the author has given him all the virtues, it looked a little unfair to Talker that, in the very last chapter or so, he should not only mercilessly slay his loved parents, but also turn the girl Eldredge loved over to the other fellow, and the subtlety with which he makes a jilt something else appears very much like sophistry.

One more flaw and fault-finding will take a recess. The men all through the book are "making" something, most likely the football team. That is always the favorite thing to make. But if it isn't the football team it's some other team (strange to say, Mr. Holbrook doesn't put a soul on the baseball nine, doesn't even mention baseball from cover to cover. Can it be that there is no honor in making that up there?) or the crew, or if it isn't one of these it's the "Lit.," and then finally they all make "Bones" or "Keys" in Senior year. Now is this a true picture of life at Yale? Do Yale men narrow their ideas of life to the mere strenuousness after the "loaves and fishes" of college life, and consider this its ultimate aim and end? Do they leave out of the reckoning education that comes, not alone from books, but from close touch of man with man, each seeking higher ideals of life, a deeper insight, a broader view and to help one another over difficulties and pitfalls with quietness and humility—do they, I say, leave these out of the reckoning? Surely not. But now a word of commendation. It is extremely hard to invent a plot for a college story which is not thoroughly threadbare, and if Mr. Holbrook has not succeeded, it is not so much his fault as that of the field with which he deals. He is a clever writer, with much grace and wit, and has the rare art of writing dialogue that does not weary the reader, and other fields will certainly yield his pen better results. In fact his skill has made "Boys and Men" a very readable sketch, despite its faults, and one with sufficient good "local color" to make it worthy of perusal by one who desires a broader acquaintance with the customs and life of universities other than his own, and such an acquaintance certainly does broaden a man. Hence Princeton men should read "Boys and Men," even though all the broadening they get is summed up in the remark Talker made as he closed the book, "Well, there's no place like Princeton!"

Three Men on Wheels. By Jerome K. Jerome. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price \$1.50.

A story of two young husbands who, leaving their devoted and far-seeing wives, join a bachelor friend for a bicycle tour through the Black-Forest, a story of sundry delightful experiences of more than average Teutonic ridiculousness, and Mr. Jerome's clever craftsmanship are certainly strong recommendations for the interest of "Three Men on Wheels."

Clever it is throughout, but the interest is only quickened spasmodically. When it appeared as a serial in the Saturday Evening Post, I was fortunate enough to run across only the more interesting of the chapters; and it was with a feeling of keen anticipation that I opened the book, but it was with a general sense of disappointment that I closed it.

Mr. Jerome is constantly introducing irrelevant incidents, whether as anecdotes or as coincidences that — while bright enough in themselves — lead him far away from his story. Some of them do not even obey the old rule "to point a moral, or adorn a tale;" and the majority of them seem like old friends in disguise.

When Mr. Jerome becomes didactic, as he does now and then, he not only loses his power over our interest; but actually loses his old, terse, clear style of expression. The sentences become involved, and we are left with the impression that the author has felt a sudden accession of dignity, which his usual style is unworthy to express.

The chapter on German students will be of special interest to college men. Though it disclaims any specific description it is exceedingly graphic in parts.

Perhaps, however, the most influential factor in one's judgment of the book, is the fact that the three men are the same that journeyed so merrily in that historic boat, and the necessary comparison between the stories. It certainly is unfair to judge a book from its author's previous work, and yet in a sequel it is in a measure impossible to do otherwise. I fancy that Mr. Jerome, like Rudyard Kipling, will find that the public, at least, selects not the intrinsic merit of a story but the author's best work as its criterion.

The Alabaster Box. By Walter Besant, New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.

Time was when a new book by Besant and Rice was an event of international literary importance. But for twenty years Rice has been dead, and during these two decades the name of his collaborator has been rather a charm than a power.

So many "strange, new Gods of song" have arisen, dazzling us with their splendor, that we have lost sight of the older, more sober-hued dynasty. None the less, James, Hardy, Besant and half a dozen

others have gone steadily on their way—writing honest, clean stories in a straightforward style.

"The Alabaster Box" is a good story. It tells of the moral struggle of a young man, brought up in wealth to believe himself of noble descent, who discovers that his family name is a myth, and his father a mere "carpenter, builder, plumber in all its branches, decorator and undertaker." He is ambitious, and for a few months continues the hypocrisy. He is induced by a friend to visit a settlement in which his father began his career—he comes in contact with and relieves some of the poor there, and gradually becomes intersted in the rescue work. The story ends with his confession of the family skeleton and his entrance upon the work of the settlement.

The people that move through the pages of the story are singularly real. Jim the athletic organizer of the boy's club, Helen the clear-eyed, sympathetic friend, 'George the slugger,' 'Glory,' Mrs. Burkle are characters more vital than any I have met for many a day. The book has that happy faculty so few books possess, of interesting us sympathetically. At first there is an undue abundance of Marion Crawford generalization and the characters are made obviously to voice Mr. Besant's personal views: but as the author becomes more absorbed in his chief character, he lays aside false effects and from the sixth chapter on, enters heartily into the true mood of interpretation. Only once does Mr. Besant so far forget himself as to cite facts to support his fiction, and in so doing, needless to say, he merely weakens his case by calling attention to its improbability. His tenement discriptions are not startling. They lack the terseness and intensity that Mr. Whiting has made a standard for that style of writing.

Beyond this I have only praise for "The Alabaster Box." The characters are vital, the setting harmonious, and the style simple and natural. The book is most becomingly issued—a decided relief in these days of hurry-order books.